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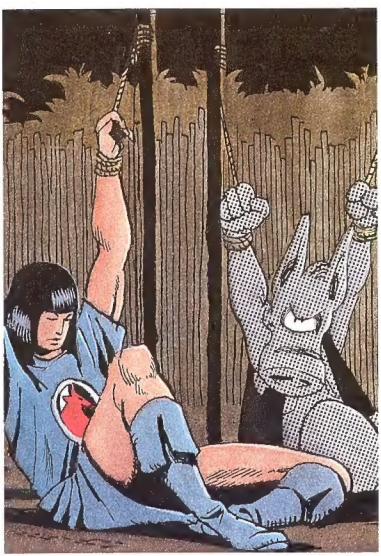
CEREBUS

bi-weekly



November 24, 1989

CEREBUS
bi-weekly

DAVE SIM
President

MONIQUE KAPTEIN
Administrative Assistant

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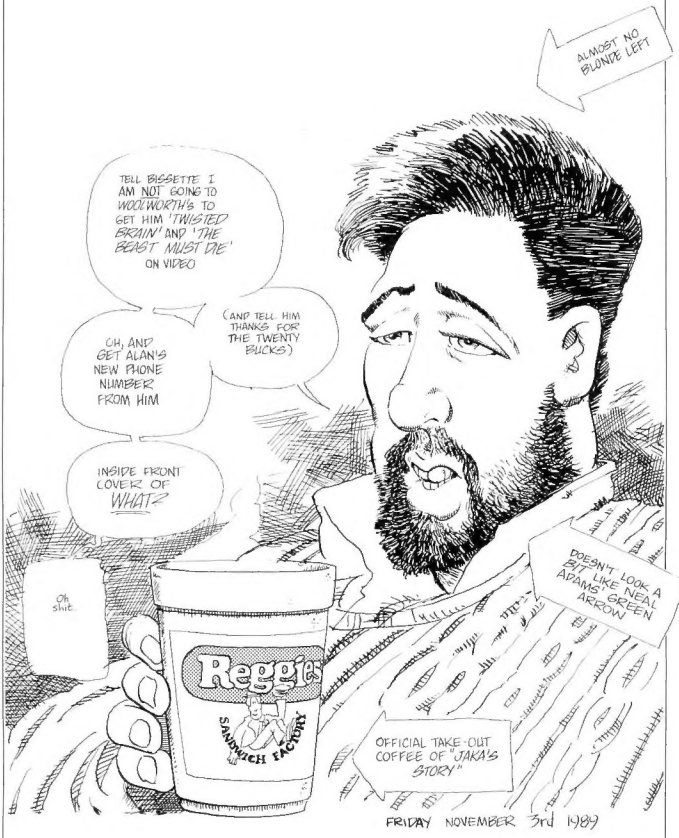
ALMOST NO BLONDE LEFT
TELL BISSETTE I AM NOT GOING TO WOOLWORTH'S TO GET HIM 'TWISTED BRAIN' AND 'THE BEAST MUST DIE' ON VIDEO
(AND TELL HIM THANKS FOR THE TWENTY BUCKS)
OH, AND? GET ALAN'S NEW PHONE NUMBER FROM HIM
INSIDE FRONT COVER OF WHAT?
OH SHIT.
DOESN'T LOOK A BIT LIKE NEAL ADAMS' GREEN ARROW
Reggie
SANDWICH FACTORY
OFFICIAL TAKE-OUT COFFEE OF "JAKA'S STORY"
FRIDAY NOVEMBER 3rd 1989

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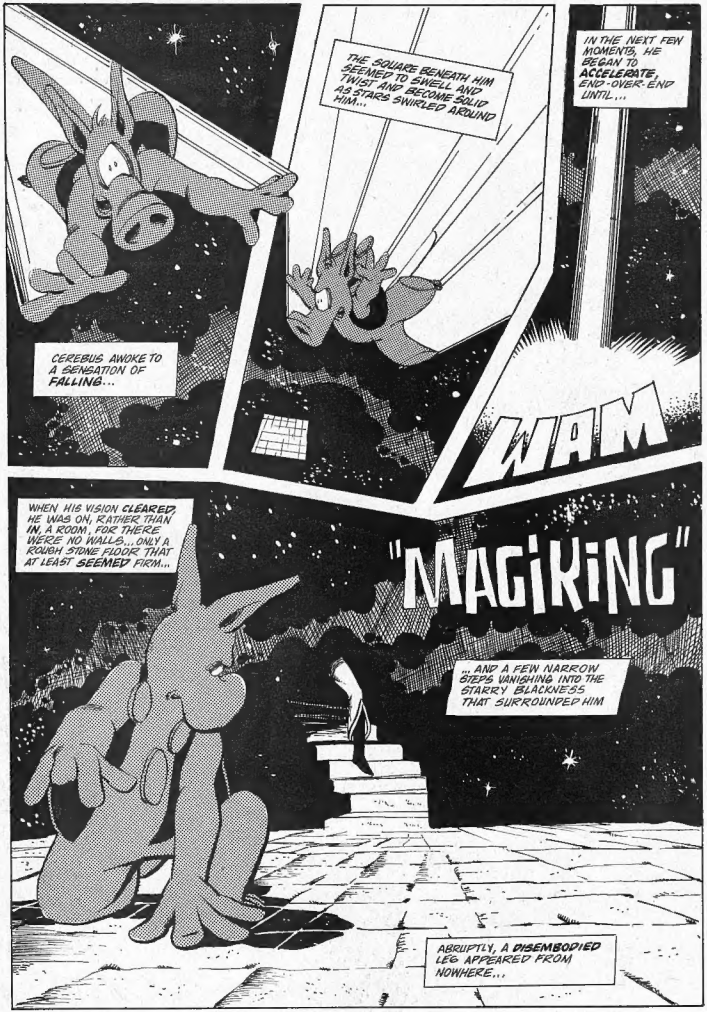
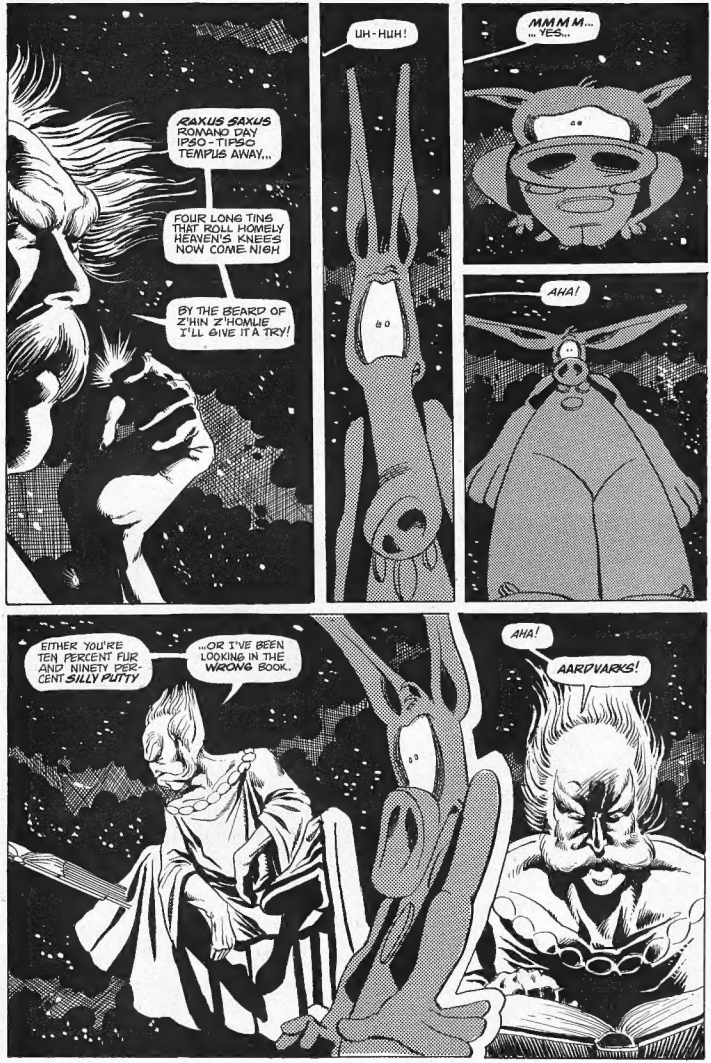

CEREBUS AWOKE TO A SENSATION OF FALLING...
THE SQUARE BENEATH HIM SEEMED TO SWELL AND TWIST AND BECOME SOLID AS STARS SWIRLED AROUND HIM...
IN THE NEXT FEW MOMENTS, HE BEGAN TO ACCELERATE, END-OVER-END UNTIL...
WAM
"MAGIKING"
WHEN HIS VISION CLEARED, HE WAS ON, RATHER THAN IN, A ROOM, FOR THERE WERE NO WALLS... ONLY A ROUGH STONE FLOOR THAT AT LEAST SEEMED FIRM...
... AND A FEW NARROW STEPS VANISHING INTO THE STARRY BLACKNESS THAT SURROUNDED HIM
ABRUPTLY, A DISEMBODIED LEG APPEARED FROM NOWHERE...

...SOON JOINED BY A HUMAN FORM...
ANOTHER INTRUDER?
WHAT MANNER OF BEAST ARE YOU?
I AM CEREBUS THE AARDVARK - AND I WOULD KNOW WHAT PLACE THIS IS OR..
YE BOOK OF BEASTIES
YOU ARE QUITE DECIDELY NOT HUMAN -- THOUGH YOU DO HAVE THE MANNERS OF A BARBARIAN --
ONCE I FIND WHAT AN AARDVARK IS, I WILL BE ABLE TO...
ZOUNDS! SUCH A THING CANNOT BE... THE BOOK HAS NO LISTING!
IF YOU'RE NOT A BEASTIE, A FEW TESTS WOULD SEEM TO BE IN ORDER...


RAXUS SAXUS ROMANO DAY IPSO-TIPSO TEMPUS AWAY...
FOUR LONG TINS THAT ROLL HOMELY HEAVEN'S KNEES NOW COME NIGH
BY THE BEARD OF Z'HIN Z'HOMLIE I'LL GIVE IT A TRY!
UH-HUH!
MMM M... ... YES...
AHA!
EITHER YOU'RE TEN PERCENT FUR AND NINETY PER-CENT SILLY PUTTY
...OR I'VE BEEN LOOKING IN THE WRONG BOOK.
AHA!
AARDVARKS!

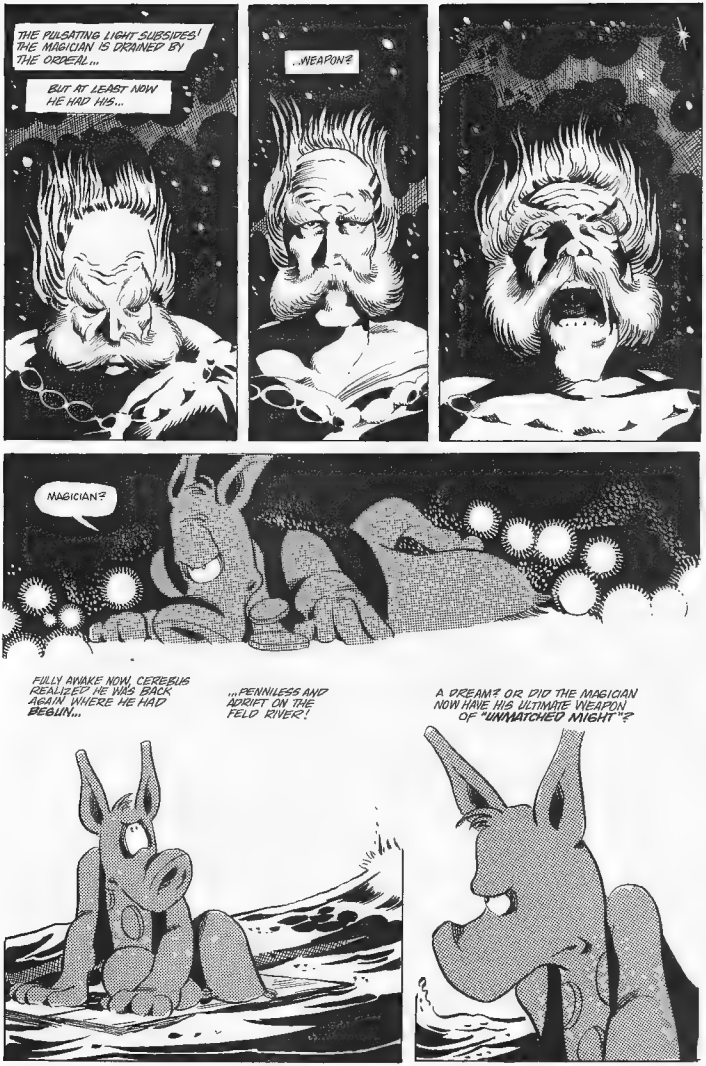
"AARDVARKS...SNOUT, TAIL, THREE CLAWS ...THREE FINGERS OPPOSABLE THUMB"
MM-HM MM-HM
"MONOLITH PEOPLES, AARDVARK FABLES OF...CONTRIBUTION TO FROZEN FOOD"
"AARDVARKS AND AELNAP, SILVER DYNASTY AND LATER..."
"CAUSES OF AARDVARK FAMINE"
DIAMONDBACK, APRICOT BRANDY..."
AH! MAGICAL PROPERTIES.
"THE AARDVARK IS THE MOST POWERFUL OF THE..."
DO--DO YOU KNOW WHAT YOU ARE?
YOU MEAN BESIDES BEING AWFULLY ANGRY?
OH.
THE SPELL... DREADFULLY SORRY
NOT AT ALL...
CEREBUS JUST WASN'T USED TO FEELING THAT WAY WITHOUT THE AID OF SEVERAL TANKARDS OF ALE...

PERHAPS I SHOULD EXPLAIN...
"A FEW CENTURIES AGO, MAGIC FLOURISHED IN THE WORLD... DEVELOPMENTS CAME QUICKLY FOR SOME REASON... ANSWERS TO RIDDLES UNGUESSED FOR MILLENIA BECAME READILY APPARENT! ABILITIES THAT HAD BEEN THE PROVINCE OF THE MOST PROFICIENT BECAME CHILD'S PLAY FOR THE HUMBLEST CONJUROR! FOR A TIME, MAGIC ENJOYED A RENAISSANCE...
"COMPETITION WAS FIERCE AS EACH MAGICIAN STROVE TO OUTDO THE OTHER IN HIS MAGIC..."
"BUT, EVIL MAGICIANS, TOO, ENJOYED A GOLDEN AGE... AND, IN TIME, ONE OF THESE FOUND THE KEY TO UNLIMITED POWER! A WISER MAGICIAN WOULD HAVE EXERCISED CAUTION, BUT, DRUNK WITH POWER, HE UNLEASHED THE FULL FORCE OF HIS CREATION"
THE RESULTING INFERNO ERASED HIS POWERS! SO FAR-FLUNG WAS THE EFFECT THAT ONLY A HANDFUL OF MAGICIANS ESCAPED... OTHERS WERE REDUCED TO ABILITIES OF MASS HYPNOTISM AND CONJURE...
BY UNSPOKEN AGREEMENT, GOOD MAGICIANS WHO WERE UNAFFECTED LOCATED NEAR THEIR EVIL COUNTERPARTS TO PREVENT WIDE-SCALE ABUSE OF THE POWER THAT REMAINED...

WHICH BRINGS ME TO YOUR IMPORTANCE IN ALL THIS...
THAT'S GOOD...
CEREBUS WAS STARTING TO FALL ASLEEP
THE NATURE OF AN AARDVARK IN MAGIC IS THAT OF AN MAGNIFYING GLASS...
YOU CONCENTRATE AND MAGNIFY A SPELL MANY MANY TIMES
THE BALANCE OF GOOD AND EVIL IS DIFFICULT TO MAINTAIN ...WITH YOUR COOPERATION I CAN CREATE A MIGHTY MAGICAL WEAPON THAT WILL TIP THE BALANCE IN FAVOUR OF GOOD...
AND HOW DOES CEREBUS KNOW THAT YOU AREN'T EVIL...
TRYING TO TRICK HIM?
BECAUSE I AM IN TUNE WITH THE UNIVERSE
BECAUSE I SEEK GROWTH AND LIGHT
BECAUSE I ENDURE ALL...
IN MY PURSUIT OF A LONG AND FRUITFUL LIFE
SO DOES THE AVERAGE TREE

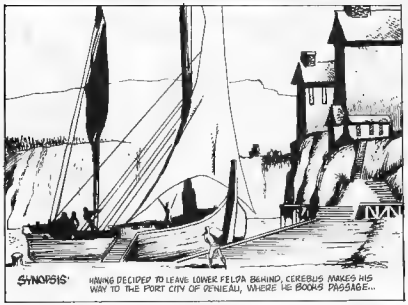
HMM!
THINK! THINK!
AHA! I'M GOOD BECAUSE THE MAGICIAN I'M GUARDING AGAINST IS EVIL!
BUT THAT'S ANOTHER QUESTION YOU CAN'T ANSWER...
...WHAT MAKES HIM EVIL?
WHAT MAKES HIM EVIL?!
HE WEARS BLACK ALL THE TIME
HE TALKS WITH HIS MOUTH FULL
HE NEVER BRUSHES HIS TEETH
HE STAYS OUT ALL NIGHT...
HE NEVER FINISHES HIS VEGETABLES
YOU DON'T NEED A MAGICAL WEAPON...
WHAT YOU NEED IS A BABY-SITTER!
A MAGICIAN'S LIFE-SPAN IS FIVE OR SIX THOUSAND YEARS...
EITHER YOU HELP ME...
...OR I'LL KEEP YOU HERE DEBATING GOOD AND EVIL UNTIL YOUR FUR TURNS WHITE

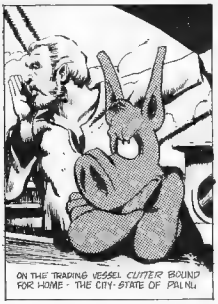
YOU'VE GOT YOURSELF AN AARDVARK, MAGICIAN...
LET'S GET THIS OVER WITH...
SO YOU CAN PUT ME BACK WHERE YOU FOUND ME
AGREED.
IN MINUTES, ALL IS IN READINESS AND A SOMEWHAT SULLEN EARTH-PIG BRACES HIMSELF...
ASHTOTH, CTHULU KIKI DEE! MUMBO JUMBO, AARDVARK PLEA...
BRING ME A WEAPON OF UNMATCHED MIGHT...
THAT DARKNESS MIGHT KNOW THE LIGHT OF PURITY!
THAT DOESN'T RHYME!
I'M A MAGICIAN, AARDVARK-- NOT A POET!


THE PULSATING LIGHT SUBSIDES! THE MAGICIAN IS DRAINED BY THE ORDEAL...
BUT AT LEAST NOW HE HAD HIS...
...WEAPON?
MAGICIAN?
FULLY AWAKE NOW, CEREBUS REALIZED HE WAS BACK AGAIN WHERE HE HAD BEGUN...
...PENNILESS AND ADRIFT ON THE FELD RIVER!
A DREAM? OR DID THE MAGICIAN NOW HAVE HIS ULTIMATE WEAPON OF "UNMATCHED MIGHT"?

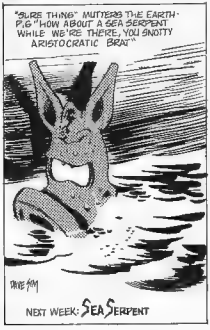
ELSEWHERE, THE MAGICIAN WAS WONDERING WHAT HE WAS GOING TO DO...
...WITH A HUGE IRON CARRIAGE...
...AND NO HORSES.
207

Cerebus THE AARDVARK


SYNOPSIS:
HAVING DECIDED TO LEAVE LOWER FELDA BEHIND, CEREBUS MAKES HIS WAY TO THE PORT CITY OF PENIEAU, WHERE HE BOOKS PASSAGE...



"BUT NOW, WE SET SAIL FOR THE BAY OF SUNSWEE -- AND WHO KNOWS WHAT PIRATES AND BRIGANDS WE SHALL ENCOUNTER IN OUR TRAVELS?" HE BUBBLES FLINGING OUT HIS ARM, CARELESSLY.


"SURE THING" MUTTERS THE EARTH-P.O. "HOW ABOUT A SEA SERPENT WHILE WE'RE THERE, YOU SNOTTY ARISTOCRATIC BRAT"
DAVE SIM
NEXT WEEK: SEA SERPENT

Cerebus the Aardvark

"GREAT TARIM," CRIES THE CREW, IN UNISON, "IT IS A SEA SERPENT!"

"ONE SIDE, EARTH-PIG" CRIES SILVERSPOON, "THIS IS MY SPECIALTY"

"SOMEONE HELP ME GET THE ROWBOAT INTO THE WATER," HE ADDS, "AND BRING ME A SWORD"

"WHAT ON EARTH IS THAT THING" QUERIES CEREBUS. "IT'S MOSTLY MADE OF ANIMAL FAT AND PLASTER AND SNAKE SKIN" ANSWERS ONLILI, ONE OF THE MERCHANTS "WE MAKE A HABIT OF DROPPING IT INTO THE WATER AT LEAST ONCE PER VOYAGE, SO THAT HIS LORDSHIP HAS THE ADVENTURE HE SEEKS"
"BUT ISN'T THIS A RATHER TIME-CONSUMING WAY TO HUMOUR HIM?" ASKS THE EARTH-PIG, AS SILVERSPOON HACKS A LARGE PIECE OUT OF THE "SERPENT"
"POSSIBLY, BUT IT'S EASIER TO LIVE WITH THAN HIS LORDSHIP'S OTHER INTEREST"
"WHICH IS WHAT?"

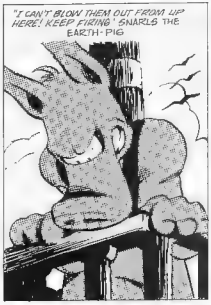
"ENGAGING ONLILI PIRATE VESSELS IN EXTENDED NAVAL BATTLES AND FIGHTING TO THE LAST MAN" COMES THE REPLY

"YES," AGREED CEREBUS "I CAN SEE HOW THIS IS A LESS DANGEROUS HOBBY FOR A YOUNG NOBLE"

NEXT WEEK.. ONLILI PIRATE VESSEL

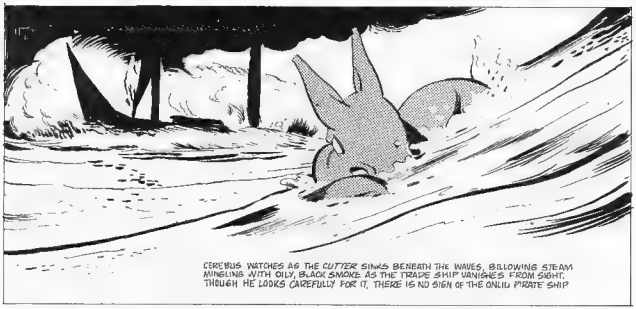
Cerebus THE AARDVARK

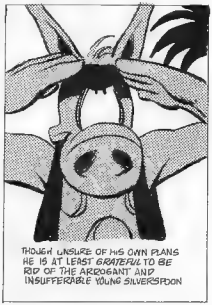
SYNOPSIS: WITH BARELY A HALF DOZEN ARMED SOLDIERS CEREBUS DIRECTS THE DEFENCE OF THE TRADING VESSEL CUTTER, UNDER ATTACK FROM ONLU PIRATES.



NEXT WEEK **SHIPWRECKED**

Cerebus THE AARDVARK


CEREBUS WATCHES AS THE CUTTER SINKS BENEATH THE WAVES, BILLOWING STEAM MINGLING WITH OILY, BLACK SMOKE AS THE TRADE SHIP VANISHES FROM SIGHT. THOUGH HE LOOKS CAREFULLY FOR IT, THERE IS NO SIGN OF THE ONLIU PIRATE SHIP



DOUBTLESS, HE HAS JOINED THE CUTTER IN ITS WATERY GRAVE. CEREBUS COULD PICTURE HIM, CLINGING TENACIOUSLY TO HIS WINE AND SPICE CRATES...

"WELL, IT'S ABOUT TIME SOMEONE SHOWED UP!" COMES THE FAMILIAR NASAL WHINE. "I WAS BEGINNING TO THINK I WOULD HAVE TO GO FORAGING FOR MY OWN FOOD, FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE!"
DAVE SIM

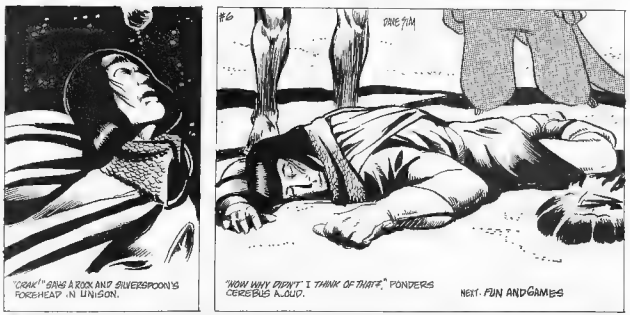
NEXT : DIVISION OF LABOUR

Cerebus THE AARDVARK
"IF YOU THINK I INTEND TO FORAGE FOR YOUR MEALS AS WELL AS MY OWN," SNARLS THE EARTH-PIG.
SILVERSPOON CUTS HIM OFF. "NATURALLY MY FATHER WILL PAY YOU WHEN WE REACH PALNU SHALL WE SAY A HUNDRED GOLD PIECES?"
"TWO HUNDRED!" SNAPS CEREBUS. "AGREED," SMILES SILVERSPOON.
AS HE MOVES OFF IN SEARCH OF SUSTENANCE CEREBUS WONDERS IF HE HAS WON THE ARGUMENT -- OR LOST IT
A NORTHERNER SINCE BIRTH, CEREBUS SOON FINDS FORAGING A MORE DIFFICULT TASK THAN HE HAD EXPECTED
HE COULD SEPARATE THE POISONOUS FROM THE EDIBLE BASED ON SHADES OF GREEN AND BROWN BUT WAS STYMIED BY THE RA NEON COLOURED VEGETATION
"AT LEAST" MUTTERS THE EARTH PIG TO HIMSELF "THAT EXPLAINS WHY HUMANS NEVER SETTLED ON THIS ISLAND."
NEXT: NATIVES

CEREBUS THE AARDVARK #13 IS AVAILABLE FROM SHA GATE DISTRIBUTORS, BOX 177 CONEY ISLAND STN., BROOKLYN, N.Y. 11229 BUD PLANT BOX 1886, GRASS VALLEY, CALIFORNIA, 95945 AND NOW & THEN BOOKS, 103 QUEEN ST S., KITCHENER, ONTARIO -- ONE DOLLAR AND 25 POSTAGE

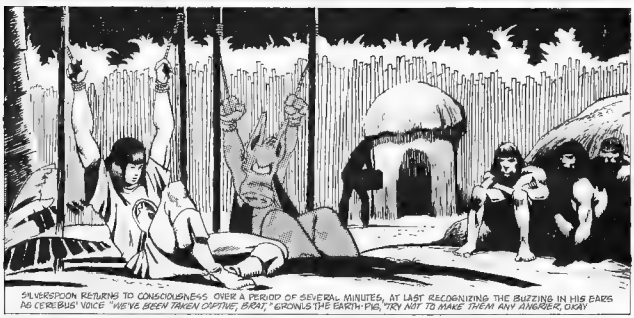
Cerebus THE AARDVARK

SYNOPSIS: IN EXCHANGE FOR TWO HUNDRED GOLD PIECES PROMISED HIM BY THE YOUNG LORD SILVERSPOON, CEREBUS HAS GONE FORAGING FOR THEIR EVENING MEAL. HIS QUEST IS INTERRUPTED BY TWO ARMED NATIVES
"FROM WHAT I GATHER, THEY WANT US TO GO WITH THEM TO THEIR VILLAGE," SAYS THE EARTH-PIG.
"TELL THEM WE'LL BRING OUT THE BEADS AND THE TRINKETS AFTER WE'VE EATEN," SAYS SILVERSPOON, WAVING OFF THE INTERRUPTION
"I DON'T THINK THEY WANT TO WAIT THAT LONG" SAYS CEREBUS, RAISING HIS VOICE SLIGHTLY.
"OH, PIFFLE, YOU'RE NOT GOING TO LET THESE IGNORANT SAVAGES PUSH YOU AROUND ARE YOU?" ASKS SILVERSPOON, "TELL THEM TO GHOO!"


"CRAK!" GOES A ROCK AND SILVERSPOON'S FOREHEAD IN UNISON.
#6
DAVE TIM
"HOW WHY DIDN'T I THINK OF THAT?" PONDERS CEREBUS ALOUD.
NEXT: FUN AND GAMES

JOIN THE CEREBUS THE AARDVARK FAN CLUB! SEND $10 TO CEREBUS RELIEF FUND % COMICGRAPHICS, 47 KING ST. W. 1ST FLOOR, KITCHENER, ONTARIO FOR A HAND DRAWN MEMBERSHIP CARD THAT FITS ALL STANDARD PLASTIC CONVENTION BADGES. HELLO TO FRED (NO BEARD) HEMBECK!

Cerebus THE AARDVARK

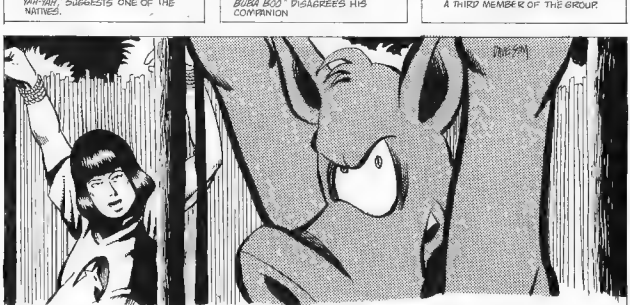


SILVERSPOON RETURNS TO CONSCIOUSNESS OVER A PERIOD OF SEVERAL MINUTES, AT LAST RECOGNIZING THE BUZZING IN HIS EARS AS CEREBUS' VOICE "WE'VE BEEN TAKEN CAPTIVE, BRAT," GROWLS THE EARTH-PIG, "TRY NOT TO MAKE THEM ANY ANGRIER, OKAY

"RAGGA RAGGA NUMU LUMA TUM DIDDY YAH-YAH," SUGGESTS ONE OF THE NATIVES.

"UM TIT SUT LIM LUM RUBBA BUB BUBA BOO," DISAGREES HIS COMPANION

"SHA-BOOM SHA-BOOM," OPINES A THIRD MEMBER OF THE GROUP.



"WHAT ARE THEY SAYING?" ASKS SILVERSPOON. "THEY'RE BETTING ON WHAT WILL GET US FIRST - EXPOSURE OR STARVATION," ANSWERS CEREBUS

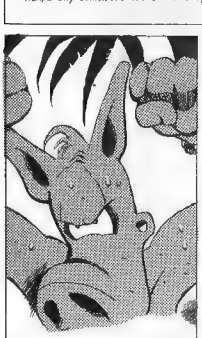
NEXT A STICKY WICKET

Cerebus THE AARDVARK

SYNOPSIS: CEREBUS AND SILVERSPOON HAVE BEEN TAKEN CAPTIVE BY NATIVES WHO HAVE TIED THEM SIDE-BY-SIDE IN THE OPEN. THE TEMPERATURE SOARS EACH DAY AS THE SUN MAKES ITS INFINITELY SLOW CIRCUIT ACROSS THE SKY.

Cerebus THE AARDVARK

OUR STORY: CEREBUS WAKES TO THE SOUND OF SPLINTERING BAMBOO. ARMED SOLDIERS ARE BREAKING INTO THE SMALL VILLAGE, THE BRONZE-SKINNED NATIVES DROPPING LIKE FLIES IN THE FACE OF SWORDS AND CROSSBOWS. "HEY, BRAT," GRUMBLES THE EARTH-PIG, "VISITORS." "DADDY" CRIES SILVERSPOON, HIS EYES SHINING WITH DELIGHT.



"DADDY?" QUERIES THE EARTH-PIG. "OF COURSE, SILLY" REPLIES THE YOUNG HEIR, "IT'S DADDY AND HIS TROOPS COME TO RESCUE ME."

"OVER HERE, DADDY," CRIES SILVERSPOON. CEREBUS CAN HARDLY BELIEVE HIS GOOD LUCK. SOON HE WOULD BE RID OF THE BRAT AND HAVE HIS REWARD FOR SAVING THE BOY'S LIFE.

"HE'LL PROBABLY KILL YOU WHEN I TELL HIM HOW YOU KIDNAPPED ME." INTONES SILVERSPOON AS A SLENDER MAN APPROACHES...

NEXT: OUT OF THE FRYING PAN

Cerebus THE AARDVARK

OUR STORY: SILVERSPOON'S FATHER ARRIVES WITH ARMED SOLDIERS TO RESCUE THE YOUNG HEIR, AS HIS BONDS ARE SEVERED, HE RELATES A GRIM (AND ENTIRELY FICTITIOUS) TALE OF HIS KIDNAPPING BY CEREBUS THE AARDVARK.

"HE REALLY DID DADDY, I PROMISE, REALLY! LET ME EXECUTE HIM, PLEASE, PLEASE! I HAVEN'T EXECUTED ANYONE IN WEEKS" WHINES YOUNG SILVERSPOON.

"UH... HOW ABOUT IF WE WAIT UNTIL THIS LITTLE SITUATION IS ALL CLEARED UP BEFORE WE..."

"NO NO NO!" SHRIEKS SILVERSPOON STAMPING AN ARISTOCRATIC BOOT ON THE GROUND. "YOU'RE JUST STALLING! YOU NEVER LET ME HAVE ANY FUN ANYMORE! IT'S NOT FAIR! IT'S NOT FAIR! IT'S NOT..."

DIVE SPA

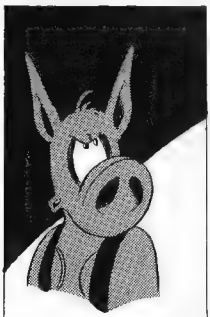
"NICE THROWING" SAYS LORD JULIUS TO ONE OF HIS MEN. "SLUUP" SAYS SILVERSPOON JUST BEFORE LAPSING INTO UNCONSCIOUSNESS.

NEXT: PEACE and QUIET

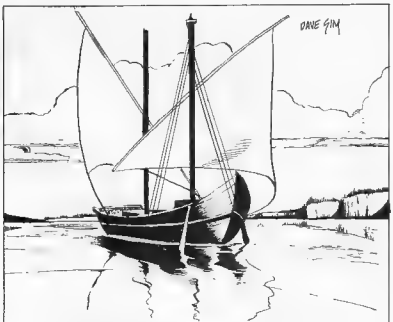
Cerebus THE AARDVARK

OUR STORY: CEREBUS WATCHES AS SILVERSPOON IS LOADED ABOARD THE SHIP SOON TO BE BOUND FOR PALNU. HIS FATHER, LORD JULIUS, HAS OFFERED TO GIVE CEREBUS FREE PASSAGE ON THE VESSEL AND PROMISES THAT A REWARD AWAITS THE EARTH-PIG WHEN THEY REACH PORT. "WHAT WILL HAPPEN TO THE BR... UH... SILVERSPOON WHEN HE WAKES UP," ASKS CEREBUS.

"I HADN'T REALLY THOUGHT ABOUT IT," ADMITS LORD JULIUS. "I SUPPOSE I'LL SEND HIM TO A BOY'S MILITARY SCHOOL..."



"BUT SILVERSPOON HAS TRAVELLED THE WORLD," VENTURES CEREBUS. "WON'T A BOY'S SCHOOL BE A LITTLE BIT... WELL... BORING?"



"YOU KNOW, YOU'RE RIGHT," AGREES JULIUS -- "MAYBE I'LL SEND HIM TO A GIRL'S SCHOOL INSTEAD..."

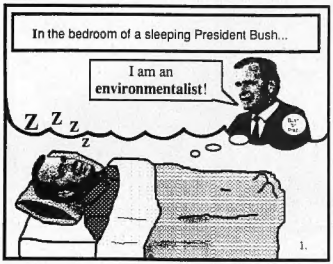
NEXT: A NEW ADVENTURE

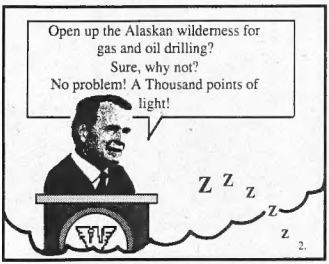
FOR THOSE INTERESTED IN MORE OF LORD JULIUS, THE 'PALNU TRILOGY', CEREBUS #18 'WALLS OF PALNU' CEREBUS #15 'A DAY IN THE PITS' AND CEREBUS #16 'A NIGHT AT THE MASQUE' ARE AVAILABLE FOR $1.25 EACH FROM WAN AND THEN BOOKS, 105 QUEEN, ST. S, KITCHENER, ONTARIO, CANADA -- OR IN QUANTITY FROM SEA-GATE DISTRIBUTORS, BOX 177, CONEY ISLAND STN, BROOKLYN, N.Y., 11224 (INQUIRE FOR DISCOUNTS)

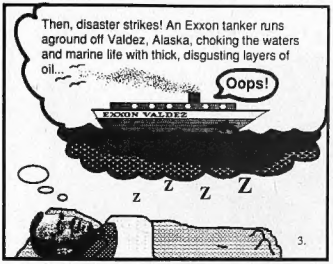
THE SINGLE PAGE PRESENTS:

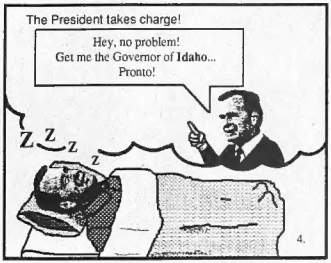
"I HAVE A DREAM"

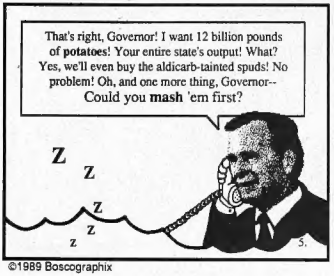
Written by: John De Mocko
Art by: Seiko Sato

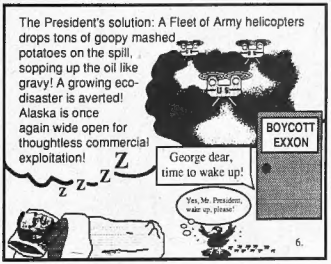





Then, disaster strikes! An Exxon tanker runs aground off Valdez, Alaska, choking the waters and marine life with thick, disgusting layers of oil...
Oops!
EXXON VALDEZ
z z z Z
3.




That's right, Governor! I want 12 billion pounds of **potatoes**! Your entire state's output! What? Yes, we'll even buy the aldicarb-tainted spuds! No problem! Oh, and one more thing, Governor--
Could you **mash** 'em first?
Z Z z z z
5.


The President's solution: A Fleet of Army helicopters drops tons of goopy mashed potatoes on the spill, sopping up the oil like gravy! A growing eco-disaster is averted! Alaska is once again wide open for thoughtless commercial exploitation!
BOYCOTT EXXON
George dear, time to wake up!
Yes, Mr. President, wake up, please!
z z Z Z
6.

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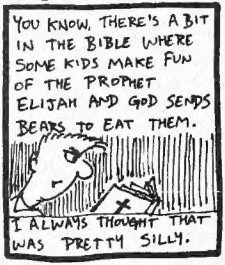
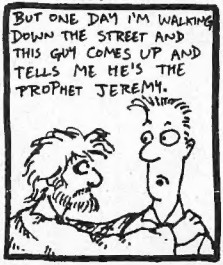
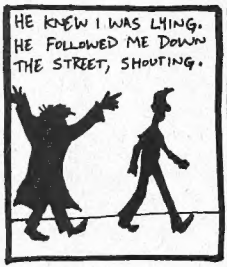
THE SINGLE PAGE PRESENTS:

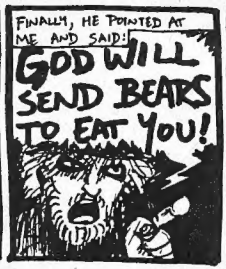
A CAUTIONARY TALE

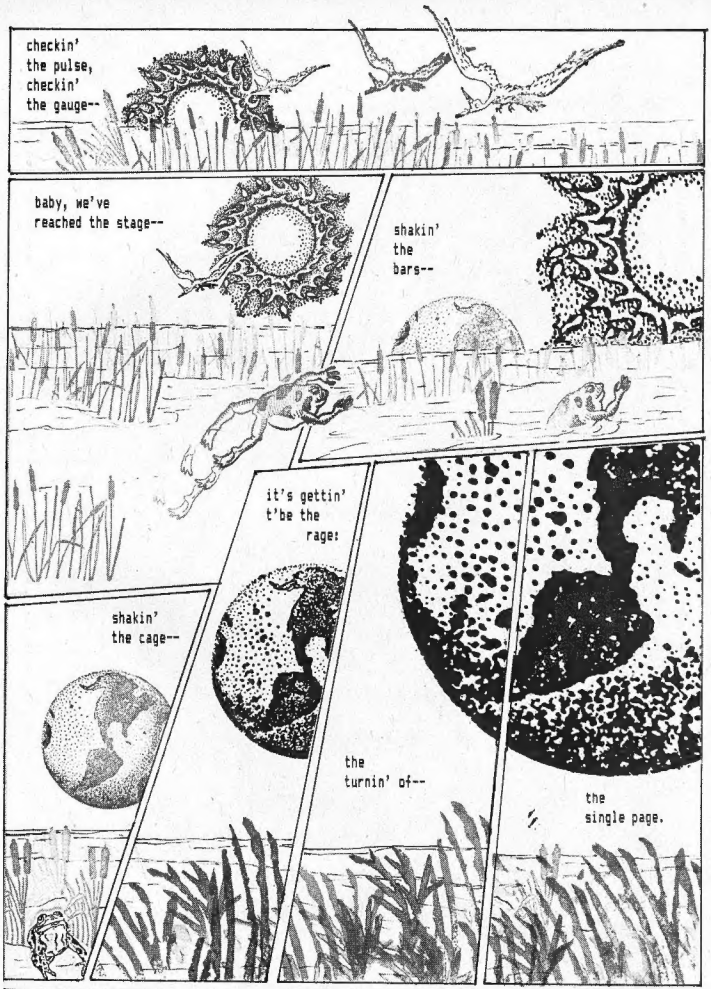
BY DAN McMURPHY


YOU KNOW, THERE'S A BIT IN THE BIBLE WHERE SOME KIDS MAKE FUN OF THE PROPHET ELIJAH AND GOD SENDS BEARS TO EAT THEM.
I ALWAYS THOUGHT THAT WAS PRETTY SILLY.









walking man
1-25 *halfway house*
1-6
thanks, Cerebus!

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Matt Levin, 5/89

The Single Page